

Contact

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Contact

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Summary

“It’s just something George does,” answers the raven as if reading his mind, calmly bringing his other hand up to pet George’s hair. “It’s part of the hybrid *thing*.”

Dream tilts his head, confused. He searches George’s eyes with his own, but the brunet keeps his gaze down, picking at an invisible loose thread with shaky fingers.

“It’s called grooming, cats do it to each other all the time.”

Notes

This is purely creative writing and I will take this down if the ccs involved decide they're no longer okay with it.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Yes, technically his best friend was one, and yes, he probably should have done a little bit more research before said best friend moved in with him; by the time George sets foot on the Orlando airport, Dream realizes hybrids are not as he had expected them to be.

He knew George had one pair of furry ears on top of his head, two ears that could twitch on command to locate the source of a noise, two ears that often mirrored his feelings. Through years and years of friendship, he knew not to push his friend if his ears were turned back and flat against his head, he knew his left ear twitched when he was stressed, and that he perked them up when he was focused. Dream liked them, they were expressive at times where George wasn't, and it made him understand his best friend a little bit more.

He also knew that George had a tail. It was brown, sleek, and restless. He didn't show it often on stream, but when it was the two of them, late-night calls with an ocean between them, Dream could see the tip of his tail swish from side to side through the screen. He knew that George flicked it quicker when he was happy or excited, and that he curled it around his waist when he was tired, partly for comfort and partly for warmth. He knew George had to buy special pants with a hole on the back, but that he could curl it around his thigh and put on normal sweatpants if he didn't want to bring too much attention—*which was often the case*.

Dream didn't know anything else because he didn't think he needed to. George was the only hybrid he knew, as, to begin with, they were very rare, and he didn't think it would go beyond the furry appendages. He was polite enough not to push the brunet with questions that could make him uncomfortable; after all, he liked George for being George, and the hybrid part was secondary to him.

So that's why, after a long flight and the body of his best friend *finally* pressed against his chest, Dream regrets not having been more prepared.

For starters, George purred.

When he first wrapped his arms around the older boy, he hadn't expected a low rumble noise coming from George's stomach, and he had backed away so quickly he almost had hit his head with the door frame. It took a couple of minutes, with Sapnap laughing in the background, for George to convince him that it was normal and that he was not actually going to throw up on him.

And that's why, after a few days of living with George, he thinks he's caught on fairly quick at the hybrid's habits. He now knows that George likes to sit on the counters, that he *loves* to sit on the kitchen island with his socked feet dangling from the edge as he scrolls through his phone. He also loves to sit on the carpeted floor in the living room, stretching in a thousand different poses to watch TV or read a book. He also prefers short sweats over long ones, giving his tail room enough to move freely over the waistband or through the leg openings. It is *peculiar*, to say the least, to see his friend so connected with his second nature, and it makes Dream wonder why George had been so reluctant to let him see that part of him over the past few years.

And apparently, to top it all off, he also enjoys grooming people. In its literal sense.

The first time he sees George do it, it's on accident.

Dream had left his room to grab a snack from the kitchen, stepping into the living room while scrolling lazily on Twitter, not paying any attention to his surroundings. He had looked up from his screen for a few seconds, enough to leave him scarred with the image in front of him.

"Woah," he hurriedly puts a hand before his eyes, blocking his view from whatever was happening on the couch.

His cheeks burn red as he hears Sapnap and George giggle, low whispers he can't pick up. He hears them shuffle around and Dream stands rooted in place, unable to move forward or exit the room.

"Dream," calls out Sapnap, "it's fine, we weren't doing anything. You can uncover your eyes."

Dream lowers his hand slowly, both curious and nauseous. George is pressed against Sap's side, arms wrapped around his biceps, and mouth grazing the skin of his shoulder. His tail stands puffed and straight behind him, and his ears are flat against his head, almost as if he were offended.

"What-" starts Dream, but the question gets stuck in his throat, unsure of what he wants to ask. Had he really seen George lick Sapnap's biceps? Had he imagined it?

"It's just something George does," answers the raven as if reading his mind, calmly bringing his other hand up to pet George's hair. The brunet seems to relax at that and sinks back against the cushions, his tight grip loosening until Sapnap is able to wriggle his arm free. "It's part of the hybrid *thing*."

Dream tilts his head, confused. That didn't answer anything. He searches George's eyes with his own, but the brunet keeps his gaze down, picking at an invisible loose thread with shaky fingers.

"It's called grooming, cats do it to each other all the time."

Dream's eyebrows couldn't arch higher. George's tail thrashes nervously, every hit mimicking Dream's heartbeat inside his chest.

"Oh."

For a moment, nobody says anything, and the atmosphere is so tense it makes Dream want to bolt out of the room. Sapnap has his eyes fixed on him, encouraging him to say something, and the brunet is silent next to him. He clears his throat, but it's dry as his Adam's apple bobs, and he tries to gather spit in his mouth.

"t feels nice," slurs finally the older boy, worrying his bottom lip with his teeth. Sapnap nods as if knowing what he means.

"I-" sighs Dream, raking his nails through his scalp. He doesn't really know what he's supposed to say, what the appropriate thing is in this circumstance. He doesn't want to sound like an insensitive dickhead, and he doesn't want to come across as a creep. "Okay, cool."

Dream winces immediately at the crudity of his own words, but George's head perks up, ears pointed forward. He offers him a lopsided smile of reassurance, and that's the best he can do as he feels cold sweat slide down his temples.

"So, are you guys like a thing now?" He feels forced to ask, cringing once again at the way it comes out of his mouth.

"No!"

He raises apologetically his hands when the two boys yell at him, and he backtracks slowly, Sapnap's hand still buried in George's hair, trying to get the older boy to relax again.

"Okay!"

He makes his way to the kitchen, heart pounding inside his chest.

II

And so, it keeps happening.

If George was trying to keep it a secret before, he sure doesn't try anymore.

They're all sitting on the couch to watch a movie one night, all three squeezed in the couch that's supposed to be for two people. A couch that Dream insists on keeping, despite not being big enough to fit all of them comfortably. Both he and Sapnap are fighting sleep after being awake for more than 36 hours to record a video together, and George is unsurprisingly fidgety, changing positions every 5 seconds between them.

After a while, the hybrid starts to get closer to the raven, nuzzling his nose into his neck with a hum. The younger laughs and rolls one sleeve of his hoodie up, George immediately latching his mouth to his forearm, licking with small strokes at the skin available. Dream does not comment on it, but he steals glances at the situation taking place next to him. George has his eyes closed, and he's purring lightly as he laps at Sapnap's wrist, nosing up until his elbow. Every now and then his lips circle a patch of skin, and he suckles at it, making throaty noises with contentment. Dream passes out of tiredness shortly after, George's purring echoing in his ears.

When he wakes up, the pair is already awake and making noise in the kitchen. Dream finds them busy making pancakes, George sitting on the counter while Sapnap whisks the batter in a bowl, lifting his hand to the hybrid's mouth every now and then to let him lick the batter that dots his fingers. It's domestic and weirdly gross, and they don't notice Dream until he clears his throat, swallowing the lump in it. Later, when he eats the pancakes with his friends at the kitchen island, George's purring as background noise, he can't avoid a sour look to wash over his face.

And he tries to be rational; tries not to be annoyed at the fact that his two best friends are attached to the hip. He tries to ignore the way George's tongue licks a wet stripe on Sapnap's arm every time they're sitting together; tries to cancel the purrs coming deep from his belly because of it.

He ignores it. He ignores it when he walks into Sapnap's room to ask him a question, only to find the two boys sprawled in bed, eyes fixed on the laptop screen on the mattress as George drools and licks the raven's shoulder. He ignores it even as they don't pull apart from each other when Dream enters, even as George has a glossy look in his eyes and peers at Dream through wet lashes, making Dream's stomach do several backflips.

He tries until he can't ignore it anymore.

Yes, Dream should have done more research on hybrids and their habits. Yes, he's aware that Sapnap may have more knowledge on that subject (as to how, he doesn't know). And yes, he has too much pride to ask the raven about it.

He turns to his computer, the whirring of the fans coming into action, and he opens Google. He searches about grooming, searches on several websites targeted to hybrids, searches long and hard, only to find the same thing over and over again: *cat hybrids may groom friends or family to show affection.*

His fingers hover over the keyboard. *Then why doesn't he groom me? Does he like Sapnap better? Does George not consider me his friend?*

They're all questions not even Google can answer, and he ends up turning off his computer with a sigh.

And so, he decides to ask George directly.

He waits until they're both alone in the living room, after Sapnap has left them in favor of his bed. The brunet has his lips wrapped around his pointer finger, sucking absentmindedly as he scrolls through his phone. He keeps glancing in the direction of Sapnap's room, and Dream tries to keep his eyes on the TV screen.

George gets up, tail swaying from side to side, and before he can get too far, Dream catches his wrist.

"Stay, please."

The brunet sits down again, avoiding meeting his eyes. It only makes Dream more anxious, but he swallows his nerves down.

"*Whydonyoudoitwithme?*" he blurts out, and he regrets it the moment his own voice reaches his ears.

George looks at him, eyebrows furrowed and tail swishing quickly.

"What?"

Dream crosses his arms, taking a deep breath.

"Why don't you," he pauses, but the older boy seems as lost as he is, "*groom* me?"

Too many emotions cross the older's visage before he's able to put on a blank face. *Goddamn George and his ability to shut himself off.*

"Do you want me to?"

It's now Dream's turn to go pale, his cheeks reddening immediately after.

"Well, I mean, you *always* do it with Sapnap, and *I don't know, if he's busy and you need to do it then I guess* I wouldn't mind." He's flailing his arms around, and by the way George thumps his tail against the sofa cushions, he's not the only one feeling nervous. "I'll be there for you if you want me to be."

George blinks, not saying a word, and cold sweat licks his nape as he wonders if he has gone too far. *Maybe George has a reason not to, maybe he doesn't feel comfortable enough with me, maybe he doesn't trust me enough.* Dream counts the seconds that pass by, controlling the way his chest heaves with every breath. Just as he's about to tell the boy to forget about it, George opens his mouth.

"Okay."

"Okay?" He can't help the feeling of relief running through his body.

George gives him a lopsided smile, ears twitching. Dream resists the urge to reach out with his hand and catch one between his fingers.

"Yes, Dream. Okay."

“Okay,” he repeats again, and he pushes down a smile.

III

After their conversation, something changes. At least, for Dream.

He tries to spend more time in the common rooms, avoiding his room in favor of the living room or the kitchen. He swings by whenever he hears the older boy making noise with the pans and cutlery, plops himself down on the couch when he hears the TV on. It’s almost obsessive, but he pushes down the rational part of him that tells him not to breathe down George’s neck— quickly forgotten once he catches sight of brown furry ears and a matching tail.

Dream makes sure to wear short-sleeved t-shirts or tank tops, a silent invitation for George’s lips and tongue. He presses closer when they’re sitting together, makes sure to brush their hands when they’re cooking, and pointed eye contact when George brings something to his mouth. He can’t help the way his skin crawls whenever the hybrid accidentally brushes him with his tail, body covered in goosebumps whenever he hears him purr.

He tries to justify his excitement with the thrill of finally getting closer to the hybrid, of finally getting to know his best friend. He justifies it with his habit of being touchy with the people he cares about, rationalizes it with years of not being able to touch George because of the distance. For the sake of his sanity, he tries not to think about why he is so eager to feel George’s tongue on him.

Days go by; Dream doesn’t catch George and Sapnap together again, which relieves pressure from his shoulders, but George doesn’t make a move on him either. Shame and guilt wash over him whenever he feels impatient, not wanting to overwhelm the hybrid, a thread of yearning pulling inside his chest anyways.

And it ends up happening when he least expects it.

He’s just finished exercising; he pushes his arms against the floor to lift his body one last time before dragging his feet to the bathroom. His eyes droop close as he showers, fighting sleep, and he soaps himself quickly. When he gets out, he doesn’t even bother to dry himself all the way, opting instead to put on the first t-shirt and sweats he finds clean. Dream makes his way to the living room, the couch looking inviting enough to take a nap in, and he plops down on it. He hears a squeak of surprise coming from the other end as his back hits the cushions behind him.

“Sorry, Georgie,” he musters, resting his head on the armrest and rubbing his eyes.

“Are you tired?”

He only hums, relaxing further into the couch and sinking his head into the pillows, one leg bent over the couch and his other foot on the carpeted floor. He hears the faint ticking of a keyboard, and he lets the sound lull him to sleep.

That is, until George presses closer.

He feels his cheek press against his biceps and Dream is too tired to move, so he lets his friend snuggle closer, climbing on top of him and feeling his two hands wrap above his elbow.

George stays there for a bit, not making any other move, and Dream is about to fall asleep when he feels it. Two licks. Long and dry, and it jolts him awake as if he had just drunk two cups of coffee. His whole body tenses and he yelps.

“Your tongue,” he looks to his side to see an embarrassed George hiding his face between the pillows and his arm.

“I’m sorry,” he whispers, and he starts to shuffle to remove himself from Dream’s body.

Dream catches his wrist.

“It’s fine,” he reassures him, throwing his head back again and relaxing. “It’s just a bit scratchy and it took me by surprise, that’s all.”

They both remain still for a few minutes, and Dream can’t help but feel a tinge of guilt at the thought of having fucked up. But then, George noses at his biceps again, and he feels soft puffs of air against his skin. He doesn’t open his eyes, and he feels George’s tongue again, carefully delivering short licks on his biceps.

He can feel the brunet tense, waiting for a reaction. When Dream doesn’t move, he licks again, and he makes a sound that resembles a sigh of relief and a deep exhale. The fingers wrapped around his arm start flexing, massaging the flesh as George makes a low rumbling sound.

He’s purring, Dream notices, *because of me*, and he’s ecstatic about the discovery. George seems content and busies himself with Dream’s arm, and when the blond steals a quick glance, he’s elated to see that the hybrid has his eyes closed.

Dream feels as if he’s on a high, feeling a raspy but slick tongue lap at his skin enthusiastically. He gives in to the feeling, his skin buzzing and every nerve reactive to the hybrid’s ministrations.

And right at that moment, what Dream estimates to be no more than 5 minutes in, Sapnap decides to enter the room and steal the brunet’s attention.

Dream is almost sure he’s staring daggers at him as he sits on the opposite end and George raises his head, scrambling quickly to press against his side with a happy yip of *Sap!*

The raven chuckles and ruffles his hair, scratching momentarily behind his ears, and George’s tail swishes playfully. He drapes himself on Sapnap’s lap, pressing his cheek against his chest and hooking his fingers on the collar of his t-shirt, pulling down to start lapping at the skin below his collarbones.

Dream stays still on the couch, gaping at the pair next to him. There’s a wet patch on his arm as the only indication that George was pressed against him, and his blood boils when Sapnap wraps his arms around the hybrid’s lower back.

He digs his nails so hard into his palm he almost draws blood as he gets up and storms his way out and into his own room, slamming the door after him.

IV

After that, Dream declares war.

It *technically* can't be considered war, as he hasn't voiced it out loud and he's the only one that knows, but *still*.

It's petty and childish, but he can't help the way bile rises up his throat whenever he sees George nuzzling Sapnap's chest, purring so loudly Dream can't even hear his own thoughts. He can't explain the way his stomach churns when he looks at them, insecurities flooding his mind as his brain whispers the same questions over and over again. *Why doesn't George do it with me? Why does he prefer him? What did I do wrong? Do I taste bad?*

He makes sure to shower often, change into fresh clothes and go as far as to dab a little perfume under his jaw. No matter what he does or how many times he tries, George still climbs onto Sapnap's lap, going as far as to lap at his neck.

And it's not as if the raven does anything to claim the hybrid's attention; he only sits on the couch and that is enough invitation for the older boy to press his open mouth against whatever patch of skin is available.

And Dream *hates* it.

He's about to give up when it happens again.

They're all hanging out in the living room, a rare moment of peace and quiet in their busy schedules that they can share together. Sapnap is watching an anime on the TV Dream doesn't know about, and his attention switches between the screen and his phone, responding to a few texts.

George is sitting cross-legged on the carpeted floor, flipping through the pages of a book. *Probably Harry Potter*. His tail is restless behind him, whipping from one side to the other, ears twitching in all directions, sensitive to the noises of the room. The tip of his tail starts to thump against the floor, and he watches him squirm, fingers clenching and making small desperate noises.

Dream doesn't look at him when he senses the brunet get up from the floor, already knowing the older boy is going to sit next to Sapnap. *Again*.

That's why he almost jumps out of his skin when the cushion beside him dips with George's weight. He tries not to get his hopes up, burning holes on his phone's screen, rereading his messages as if it's the most interesting conversation in the world.

He feels soft and cold fingertips lift the sleeve of his t-shirt, bunching the fabric until his arm is bare. A short kitten lick against his biceps has his breath hitching, but that doesn't stop George. His tail wraps around Dream's wrist, making him drop his phone and still his hand. *Oh, that's new*. He's never seen him do that with Sapnap. He allows his chest to fill with pride and satisfaction.

He glances quickly at the raven, but he doesn't seem interested in what's happening between them. *He's probably used to it*.

Dream turns his attention to George's tail, stroking his sheeny fur for the first time. It's incredibly soft, and the silky hairs seem to glide under his fingers. He absently realizes he has no idea how George takes care of his fur, and he stores the information to ask the brunet later.

The hybrid squirms on his seat, wet tongue licking short patches on his shoulder, getting closer to the juncture with his neck. His hands are warm as he grabs Dream's t-shirt, balling the fabric in his fists and clenching them repeatedly. He's taking deep breaths, exhaling loudly through his nose as he presses it against Dream's muscles.

The blond rubs the tip of his tail and George hisses lightly, so he brings his hand upward, closer to where his tail meets his back. His purrs grow louder, and the brunet flings a leg across his thighs, caging his waist with his knees. Dream freezes, but the older boy keeps mouthing at his skin, now enthusiastically lapping at his collarbones as his hands slip underneath his t-shirt.

Dream is still as he glances at Sapnap once again, but the younger boy doesn't react to what has just happened. He brings the hand on George's tail higher, now caressing the junction of skin and fur. The older boy squeezes tighter with his legs and he accidentally digs one knee right into Dream's ribcage. The blond is surprised, to say the least, at George's sudden display of affection, never having gotten beyond a hug with him.

So, he takes advantage of it.

He keeps rubbing the base of his tail, his other hand hovering somewhere near the brown mop of hair, hesitant in touching his ears. He decides on placing it on his back, not wanting to burst the bubble, and tilts his head to one side so that George has more skin to lap at. His fist tugs hard at his tail when the brunet grazes his teeth accidentally and George lets out a sharp yelp, freezing above Dream's lap.

"George, I-"

He doesn't get to finish the sentence because the brunet scrambles out of the couch and storms off into the hallway. He hears a door slam shut and his heart pounds fast as he curses himself for not being more careful. Dream flashes a look at Sapnap, and he's met with knitted brows and accusatory eyes. He raises his shoulders as an apology and gets up, following George's trail.

Dream knocks lightly on the door of his room, a thousand apologies on the tip of his tongue as he waits. When he hears no answer, he decides to open it slowly, peering his head inside only to find it empty. He frowns. *Where did he go?*

A quick look at the floor is all it takes to find out. There's white lightning pouring into the dark hallway from underneath the bathroom door, and Dream takes a deep breath before changing course in that direction. He tiptoes silently, willing himself to remain calm as he reaches for the knob.

He hears a sound that makes him stop dead in his tracks.

Was that a-

George whimpers again and there's no denying anymore. His heart makes its way up to his throat, and he doesn't know what compels him to do it, but he gets closer even as every fiber of his being is telling him not to.

And he hears it again. And again. And again.

It was bound to happen, really. It was normal and completely natural, and it was about time that Dream would accidentally catch one of his housemates in an embarrassing situation like that—or that they would catch *him*. After all, they all lived under the same roof and shared the same space. And yet, he can't bring himself to turn around and give George privacy. He can't bring himself to stop listening to those sickeningly sweet mewls that George so desperately tries to muffle.

And it's wrong, it's so *so* wrong, but the hybrid whines his name out and his own dick twitches in his pants. It's wrong, yet George keeps calling for him, soft pleas of *Dream* that have him itching for the doorknob. It's wrong, and when he shakes his head, coming to his senses, remorse and

shame wash over him. It's wrong, and he walks away, heart threatening to break free from his ribcage.

V

After the initial freak out that had him have a mild crisis on the floor of his room, Dream had paced around his room for hours, trying to think of the best way to approach George. Every option is worse than the one before, and it's not as if he can ask Sapnap for advice, so he paces around some more until he has to bang his head against the wall to quieten his thoughts.

He grabs his phone, George's contact staring back at him. He types and retypes a thousand messages, but he becomes so frustrated that he ends up throwing it across the room, hearing a loud thud that signals his screen being broken. He can't bring himself to care.

Talking to George face to face is also off the table. George is not one for confrontation, and he knows talking to him won't bring him anywhere. Having caught him in something like that, Dream knows he wouldn't get a reaction beyond a hiss and a skittish George fleeing to his room. There's no way for Dream to approach it in a tactful way either; he can't give him an explanation on why he had followed him and stayed long enough to hear him moan his name, he wouldn't be able to hide the blush on his cheeks or conceal his feelings as well as the other one could.

He himself isn't ready to face those feelings yet, even though his brain torments him every 5 seconds about it. It was easy to ignore it before, when they lived in two different countries and when it was as easy as pressing a button to leave the voice channel. And, *okay, maybe he likes his best friend*, but he knows it's highly unlikely for George to reciprocate, let alone do anything about it.

He lets a day pass by, not stepping out of his room even when his stomach protests at the lack of sustenance. After almost 24 hours, he can't ignore the ache in his belly and sets a foot into the hallway, careful not to make much noise that could reveal his presence. He tiptoes his way to the kitchen, passing by the living area, only to stop halfway.

And he doesn't know why he's disappointed. He should have expected it. And yet, he can't help but bring a hand to his chest to relieve the piercing pain that seems to lodge in there, as he stands in the middle room, watching his two best friends sleep together on the couch. He doesn't know why he's disappointed, watching the two friends settled there, their eyes closed and a peaceful expression on their faces.

It's innocent, Dream isn't supposed to feel bad about his *friends* spending time together, about his friends being affective towards each other. And yet, he feels disappointed, because it's *George*. George, the same George that used to spend hours on end on call with him, the same George that cried when he bought the tickets to fly to Florida. He's disappointed, because ever since George set foot in his house, he has nothing but been all over Sapnap, even as they used to spend hours on end on call, even as he moaned Dream's name mere hours ago.

It's selfish, and Dream is supposed to be happy for them, but it hurts, because he can't understand what he did wrong, why George suddenly prefers Sapnap over him, why he will groom him but not *Dream*. And he's disappointed, because Sapnap is his best friend too, yet he has stolen George from him, has taken an essential part that Dream now misses.

Dream accepts defeat, drags his feet back to his room and closes the door silently behind him, letting the darkness in his room swallow him whole.

And days go by.

Days go by, Dream waits until it's ass o'clock in the morning to sneak into the kitchen and bathroom; days go by and for the sake of his mental health, Dream ignores everyone. And they ignore them too.

He spends those days moping and sulking, joining random streams and editing videos to keep himself distracted. More often than not, he has to stop with burning cheeks at the thought of George whimpering his name. More often than not, he jerks off to it, regretting it the moment he drags a tissue against the skin of his lower abdomen.

On the 5th day of his intentional isolation, Sapnap knocks on his door. He knows it's him because he can recognize his footsteps after almost a year of living together. He doesn't turn to look at him when the raven creaks the door open.

"Are you okay?"

Dream wants the earth to swallow him then and there, and he sighs when he hears him enter.

"Yeah," Dream croaks, wincing at the way his own voice sounds. He clears his throat. "Just been busy, that's all."

Whether Sapnap believes him or not is unknown to him, but after years of knowing each other, his friend knows better than to pressure him. The raven smiles at him and nods, one of his hands squeezing Dream's shoulder.

"George and I wanted to go out to eat, you in?"

Oh right, George. Dream, with his eyes still on the screen in front of him, opens Photoshop.

"No, I still have to edit the thumbnail for the last video. You guys have fun."

"Okay."

Sapnap glances at him one last time before getting out and closing the door with a soft *click* after him. Dream hears whispering voices on the other side of the wall, and he waits, with his back straight and alert, but the voices eventually fade as they walk to the other side of the house. He hears the door of the garage closing, a car starting up and its wheels spinning against the gravel. Dream takes a few steps towards his bed and flops onto it, willing his eyes to shut.

It's on the 8th day that George decides to come into his room after knocking softly on the door.

"Yes?" Dream asks, not bothering to check who's coming in, focused on the thumbnail he's editing. He could have finished it hours ago, but he keeps perfecting everything down to the last detail as a way to keep himself busy.

"Dream," speaks George, standing by the doorframe. His voice makes his skin crawl. He swallows down the bile that rises up his throat.

"Mhm?" He keeps his eyes fixed on the screen, refusing to meet the other's gaze.

"I thought we could watch a movie," he suggests, voice shy and with an edge of desperation, and

Dream finally looks at him.

He looks incredibly soft, fuzzy socks on his feet, oversized hoodie and sport shorts that leave inches and inches of skin visible. He ignores the way his stomach churns with butterflies.

“I’m editing,” is all he answers, biting the inside of his cheek.

“It’s almost midnight, and you’ve been in your room all day,” insists the hybrid, tail puffed and curled around his waist. “Please?”

Dream sighs, rubbing his eyes before putting both palms on his desk to push his chair back.

“Fine,” he huffs without much enthusiasm, and he doesn’t know why he agrees to the stupid plan, but that doesn’t discourage George. His tail straightens behind him, and he bolts toward his room.

He reappears with a laptop under his arm and two blankets, which is probably too optimistic considering Florida’s tropical temperatures. Dream is surprised, *to say the least*, when the brunet gets into his bed, having expected to go to the living room.

He stands on his feet as George moves hurriedly, pushing pillows towards the headboard and arranging the blankets and duvet so that they make a soft cocoon. He looks proud of himself as he settles on the left side of the bed, fluffing the pillows so that they appear fuller. He watches him as George sits on his calves, patting the mattress next to him.

“May I?” Dream feels stupid for asking to get in his own bed, but it only seems polite after all the effort George had put to make the bed look tidy and cozy.

The hybrid nods, shuffling to make room for Dream and pressing keys on his laptop to open Netflix. Dream rests his back against his headboard, watching George choose a movie from his list before imitating his position, their arms barely touching.

He picks at the skin around his nails, and he can’t help the stiffness in his shoulders as an uncomfortable silence settles between them.

They make it 10 minutes into the movie before George decides to open his mouth.

“I missed you,” he confesses, bringing his knees to his chest, tail around his ankles.

“I’ve been busy,” he sighs, irked at his accusatory tone. *He’s one to talk.*

He feels a warm palm on his shoulder, and he turns, George’s face closer than he had expected. He looks at him with intent in his eyes as he gets closer and Dream gulps, inching backwards and trying to put some space between them, panicking.

“George, what-”

The brunet propels forward to lick at the tip of his nose, pulling back with a giggle, hiding his mouth behind a big sweater paw. Dream scrunches his nose and makes a disgusted face, but he can’t help but wheeze at the absurdity of the action.

“You’re an idiot.”

And just like that, they fall back into their dynamic as if nothing had happened. Dream grabs at his hoodie as George tries to get as far as he can from him, kicking his legs when Dream wraps his arms around his waist and pulls him to his chest.

They giggle and wrestle, George trying to break free, Dream trying to hold him close. The blond squeezes harder around him and rolls until his back hits the mattress, the brunet on top of him. George's tail flicks from side to side, a playful smile on his lips as he pushes with his palms at Dream's chest to lift himself.

"I win."

Dream throws his head back and laughs.

"If you say so." Dream tugs at the collar of his tank top, trying to cool his overheated skin. He notices the way George's eyes zero in the skin he accidentally reveals, and Dream is nothing but a weak man, and he can't deny his own eagerness at the thought of feeling George's tongue on him again. He swipes his pointer finger across the skin of his neck as an invitation. "Do you want to...?"

George's pupils are blown wide as he nods, lowering himself until his nose reaches Dream's collarbone.

"Dream..." his voice trails off, and a low rumble sets on his belly, echoing on Dream's own.

He makes a pleased noise before diving down and pressing his tongue against salty skin. The blond keeps his head back, looking at the ceiling and the tip of George's tail when it enters his line of sight. He relaxes into the mattress and selfishly lets his hands wander across George's sides, coming to rest where he knows his tail to start.

He caresses his back through the fabric of his hoodie, but he can't help his fingers from unconsciously reaching for his tail. He pulls at the base experimentally, and George's purrs only grow louder, so he does it again. George's hair grazes his cheek as he licks higher, getting dangerously close to his neck. His fingers open and close against his abdomen, and Dream feels as if he's about to pass out from the heat of their bodies.

He allows a hand to travel up along the tail, hearing a pleased hum in return. His fingers return to the base, wrapping a wide palm around it.

"I hate when you do this to Sapnap," he tugs at the base and he hears George yelp, but he doesn't remove his fingers.

"You-" George lifts his head to look into his eyes. "What?"

"I hate," Dream pulls again, and George bites down a whimper, "when you groom Sapnap."

He pulls a bit harder than he had calculated, and the hybrid makes a high-pitched cry.

"Dream!" His tail swishes, flicking at the tip. He buries his face in Dream's neck and arches his back ever-so-lightly. "He's- he's my friend."

That's not good enough of an answer, because Dream keeps his torturous grip, stroking the fur trapped in his fist.

"I'm your friend too," he counters, stilling his hand. "Why won't you do it with me?"

George's cheeks are red as he bites his lip, refusing to meet his eyes.

"Because..." he tries to get off of his lap, but Dream tugs again and he stills. "Because it's different when I do it with Sapnap."

Dream doesn't take the hint, and it only fuels the fire in his chest, trying to crawl out of his mouth. He swallows before speaking again.

"Why is it different *with him*?"

He knows he must be tugging too hard at the fur, but George only rolls his hips back and forth, as if trying to escape the feeling, but not being able to get enough of it. Dream slips his other hand above his tail, caging his lower back so that their torsos press together.

"Dream-" the hybrid whines, his thighs quivering on both sides of Dream's hips. "M- my tail."

Dream only tightens his grip, entranced by the noises that the brunet tries to muffle. He doesn't know what he's doing, and he's not sure if he wants to stop. The older boy only paws harder at his chest, blunt nails digging into the flesh. A part of him wishes George would leave parallel red trails on his skin, enough to draw blood, enough to mark him.

"Why," he repeats himself, patience thinning, "is it different with him?"

He punctuates the question with a sharp tug that has George grinding backwards.

"Because *I don't like him*."

Something hard pokes at Dream's hipbone and they both freeze with a gasp. George covers his eyes with his forearm, lifting his ass to break contact with Dream's body.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry, *I tried to warn you not to touch my tail*, I'm sorry, *I didn't want to make you uncomfortable*, I'm gonna-"

He scrambles off of his lap, pressing his legs against his chest to cover himself and burying his face on his knees. But Dream doesn't let go of him that easily. He catches his jaw with his long fingers and forces him to lift his head. George seems to be on the verge of tears.

"What did you say?"

"Dream, I'm sorr-"

"No," he sees George's ears droop in dejection, and he swipes a thumb across his cheek as if to catch an invisible tear. "You don't like Sapnap?"

George shakes his head. Dream's chest seems to fill with helium, his heart floating with relief.

And then, *realization*.

"Then," he palates the words in his mouth slowly before saying them out loud, "does that mean that you-"

Silence. Neither of them says anything and Dream looks at him pleadingly, begging with his eyes. He wants George to say it for him, to quieten his doubts and insecurities. He wants him to put an end to what has been corroding his mind for days.

"I-"

Dream cups his face, silently imploring him to continue. The hybrid licks his lips and meets his gaze, eyes rimmed red and threatening to spill over.

"I like you, Dream."

Dream captures George's lips with his own, swallowing a sob that the brunet lets out, and it's as bitter as it is sweet. It's not the ideal scenario Dream had pictured—*it involved a romantic date and a heartfelt confession under the stars*—but he doesn't think anything could equal the way George chases his mouth with his own, their bodies desperately trying to press together, not being able to get enough of each other.

"I like you too, George." His breath is already ragged, and he chases the ambrosia clinging to his lips with his tongue. "You have no idea how long I've been waiting for this."

And it's true. As their lips reconnect, he can't help but feel as if everything is clicking into place, something longing and yearning in his chest finally satisfied and pleased. He's moving on autopilot as he pushes George down onto the mattress, caging his head with his forearms. He's not going to deny himself the pleasure of tasting his best friend, sharp teeth tugging at his bottom lip as George whines.

When he pulls apart to breathe, a disheveled George looking up at him with pink cheeks and glassy eyes, he lets a hand wander until it rests near his tail.

"I heard you, the other day," Dream confesses as George gasps, thrashing the tip of his tail, "when you, um..."

He can't ignore the way George's hard-on presses against his thigh, and he can't ignore how his own dick stirs just by looking at the brunet trapped beneath him.

"It's my-my tail."

George nods as if giving him permission and Dream wraps his hand around the base of his tail again, this time carefully pulling at it two times to see the reaction it elicits out of George. The hybrid throws his head back, eyes rolling as he lets out a high-pitched cry. Dream meets his hips with his own and pushes down, letting their cocks allineate through the layers of clothing. He hisses and keeps moving his hand, watching closely how the brunet clenches his jaw and bares his neck.

"Dream—"

"Tell me what you need, baby."

The hybrid pulls him by his neck to reconnect their lips, although all he does is moan against his open mouth.

"I've never..."

Dream breaks apart, takes in the different hues of pink across George's cheeks.

"I've never done..."

The words die in his throat, and George looks at him, hoping his friend will understand what he means. Dream blinks, takes in the pretty hybrid sprawled on the mattress, takes in the way his left ear twitches, his spit-slicked lips, his watery eyes, his flushed neck.

"Never?"

He pulls back to put some distance between them; he gives the brunet a chance to breathe and collect himself. George sniffs and pulls at the sleeves of his hoodie to cover his palms, fingers curling into the hems.

“There was this guy but,” his voice is low, a whispered confession spoken into the privacy of his room. “He saw my ears and tail, and...”

He’s chewing at his bottom lip nervously, and Dream pulls it away from his teeth with his thumb.

“I know you don’t know much about hybrids; I will understand if you don’t want to, it’s completely fi-”

Dream cups one cheek with his palm, presses their foreheads together until their lips are barely touching.

“You’re right,” he says, and George freezes. “I don’t know much about hybrids but, this?” he takes the tip of one of his ears between his thumb and index, gently rubs to feel the silky fur against his fingertips. “This is not going to stop me.”

“Are you su-”

Dream presses a kiss on his cheek, dips his head lower to nose along his jaw and kiss right underneath it. George’s hands fly to his hair and hold his head close, a soft gasp leaving his lips.

“I like you for you, George.” He makes sure to emphasize his point by sucking a bruise on the side of his neck. One of his hands descends right until the base of the brunet’s tail, and he strokes it, hears him gasp and feels him cant his hips up. “This only makes you hotter.”

“You think so?”

Dream isn’t stupid; he notices how George’s voice trembles, filled with insecurity and a lack of confidence. And he understands; he now understands why his friend was so hesitant to show that side of him to Dream, why he was so nervous to be himself around him.

“Fuck, baby, yes.” He tightens his grip and bites down on the juncture of his neck and shoulder. “You’re so hot. So pretty for me.”

The brunet whines and wraps his legs around Dream’s waist, buries his face into the crook of his neck.

“How about,” Dream slides his palm from his tail to the front of his shorts, applying pressure to the tented fabric. “We do something about this?”

George nods, arches his back into his touch.

“What do you want me to do?” Dream pushes their hips down together again; he knows he’s making the brunet crazy with the friction and the different sensations, but he wants him to choose for himself, to choose whatever he’s comfortable with.

“Anything, just-” He tightens his legs and uses it as leverage to meet his dry humps halfway. “Just touch me.”

Dream is happy to oblige.

He pulls away when George starts rutting against his stomach, stilling his hips with his hands, and rucks up the hoodie around his chest. He plants a wet kiss in the middle of his belly, nosing up until he reaches one pink bud, circling with his tongue. George arches his back with a whimper, trying to get closer to him, and Dream lets him do as he pleases, focused on sucking his nipple hard enough to tear off more sounds from him.

He pulls himself off to discard the other's shorts and boxers, and he repositions himself, this time with a hand between them.

"Do you want me here?" His pointer finger meets the tip of his dick, collecting the precum on it before traveling down along the vein on the underside and past his balls. "Or *here*?"

He pronounces the last *here* meekly, his finger smearing something wet between his asscheeks that seems to be coming out of his hole. He pulls his finger out, brings it to eye level and observes the slickness coating it. He's sure the brunet picks up on the confusion because he brings his hands to his face and blushes.

"It's called *slick*," he mumbles from between his fingers, "it's a type of lubricant. It's a surviving trait in some hybrids."

"Fuck. That's so hot, baby."

Dream now brings two fingers back to his rim and rubs, George writhing and closing his thighs around his wrist. Some more pours out of it, and Dream catches it, spreads it along his crack.

"There, please."

He's quick to push his legs until George's thighs meet his own chest, and the brunet hooks his arms behind his knees to keep them in place. Dream watches closely as another gush of clear fluid pours out and delivers a kiss to the flesh of one of his asscheeks. He gets closer, and before the brunet can warn him, he licks a flat stripe across his rim. George's pupils are blown wide when he meets his gaze, and Dream wipes his chin with the back of his hand.

It's not unpleasant; it doesn't have a particular smell or taste, and it's sticky enough to not dry when in contact with the air. He presumes it must be more alluring to other hybrids, and he licks again just to rip a moan out of the other's throat. He tries to poke his middle finger in alongside his tongue, and it slides up until the second knuckle without any resistance. He keeps pushing while lapping at the rim to distract the hybrid from the discomfort.

It seems to do the trick, because George wraps his tail around his wrist and mews with his head back, hips pushing down to meet his finger.

"More." He pants, and more slick gushes out, coating Dream's fingers where they meet his ass on the outside.

Dream is quick to comply, nudging a second finger in while his tongue tries in vain to scoop as much slick as possible. He keeps pushing, alert to any discomfort noises George might let out, and leaves his fingers still until the brunet starts moving his hips with a sigh. He tries to reach as deep as he can, trying to find the spot inside him. Once he does, he targets it with both fingers, focusing on the way George writhes and whimpers to adjust his pace.

"Close--"

Dream pushes a third finger in hurriedly and wraps shiny lips around the tip of his cock, hollowing his cheeks and taking him in completely. He gets to see the way his eyes roll back and a quiet *oh* leaves his lips before he's cumming, fingers tight on Dream's scalp and tears on his lashes. Dream swallows one last time before removing his fingers and George lets his legs fall on both sides of his shoulders.

Dream peppers kisses along his stomach and tries to ignore the way his own dick is straining against his sweats. He presses the heel of his palm against it to force it down and closes his eyes

for a brief second, sighing quietly. He snaps his head up when he feels cold fingers on his forearm.

“You didn’t think we were finished, right?”

“I- um- didn’t want you to feel p-” He doesn’t get to finish his sentence, a moan escaping his lips when George palms him through his pants.

The touch is fleeting, and the brunet pulls away, taking his hoodie off completely. Dream is quick to discard his top, even faster to pull his sweats and boxers off at once. When he turns to him again, George is propped on his knees and elbows, ass in the air and tail swirling lazily.

“You’re so pretty.”

And he means it.

He shuffles closer, rests his cock on his ass and grinds against it a few times, sucking air through his teeth when George pushes back. Dream presses a kiss between his shoulderblades and they both gasp when his dick gets caught on the rim. He tries to rationalize with a clear mind and disconnects their hips.

“Condom?”

“I’m clean.” George huffs, lowering himself further on his forearms.

“Okay,” Dream almost sees stars behind his eyelids when he feels slick drip onto his dick. “Me too.”

George wriggles his ass and Dream lines himself, pressing a few inches in. He knows what to do; he wraps a hand around the base of his tail and tugs whenever he pushes in, the hybrid’s body becoming putty under his hands. He himself is no better, he tries not to thrust harshly even if the wet tightness that envelops him leaves him a gasping mess, sensitivity heightened after having held back for so long.

When their hips meet, he falls over George’s back, arms wrapped around his waist for anchorage. They both huff and puff, overwhelmed, and Dream jerks George to full hardness again, making sure to thumb at his slit to hear him cry. When the hybrid starts leaking, wetting his lower abdomen and the beginning of his thighs, he pulls back with a loud squelching noise, and fucks his dick right into him to avoid the slick from escaping.

He gathers enough strength to entrust his knees again to keep him upright, and grabs George’s bony hips with bruising force. He thrusts haphazardly, testing the waters, but the rest of his control slips away when George meets him halfway, their thighs slapping obscenely. His mewls are desperate as Dream teases his hole, dragging himself so that only his tip is inside, watching his rim clench to keep him trapped.

He fists George’s hair with one hand and pulls, forcing the brunet to get on his knees too, his back colliding with his chest, and wraps a hand around his neck, getting his mouth close enough to his ear to whisper.

“That guy was so stupid to let you go.”

George’s arms reach back to grab handfuls of Dream’s ass to keep them close, leaning his head on his shoulder and leaving his neck bare for Dream to maul with his teeth. In that position, he can’t pull too far away, so Dream focuses on changing the angle to get deeper, on driving his dick onto the hybrid’s prostate.

He almost feels bad when he lifts his head from his neck and sees the purple stains he has left, but then he remembers that Sapnap will see them, that his friend will know Dream was the one to leave them there, and satisfaction swirls in his chest. He's never considered himself to be possessive, no matter how much his friends liked to tease him about the fact, but as he admires the blue and pink palette on his skin, he thinks he gets where they were coming from. He likes to think that they will remind George of what they did, of the way his canines felt against his shoulder. He likes to think that he will display them with pride, and the thought alone of George wandering around the house in just a t-shirt with a loose collar threatens to make him cum.

George is a sobbing mess in Dream's arms. He bends forward with a cry when it becomes too much and tries to jerk himself with a hand that Dream slaps away. He replaces it with his own and squeezes at the base to keep him from cumming.

"Tell me you're never going to groom Sapnap again."

The venom he spits is unfair; unfair to ask and unfair to expect the hybrid to keep the promise. And yet, he doesn't loosen his grip even as George sobs, body shaking and trying to get Dream to move.

"Please," whines George, sniffing through his nose.

"Tell me," his fingers press harder on the sides of his neck, and he grazes the pale skin of the side of his neck all the way down to the juncture with his shoulder. "Or would you rather have him fuck you?"

"Dream--"

"Would he be as good as me?"

"N-no!" His voice is raspy as he keeps breathing through his throat, and his Adam's apple bobs under Dream's palm. "Only you."

He's an incoherent mess, but Dream is determined to get the words out of him. He wants to hear him pronounce them, even if he's lying, even if he doesn't mean it. He's merciful enough to pump him a few times, just as a reminder of who's in charge, and it has George gasping for air.

"Do you get hard too when you groom him? Do you fuck yourself on your fingers wishing it was him too?"

There are tears streaming down his face now, and if it weren't for the small circles the brunet does to fuck himself on Dream's dick, he would stop.

"No, no, no," he hiccups, eyelids pressed tightly shut as Dream laps at the salty tears sliding down his jaw. "Please, I will never," he licks his lips and Dream removes his hand from his neck, allowing him to breathe. "I will never groom him again."

"Good boy."

Dream only has to pump a few times and grind against his prostate, and George is cumming, a loud cry that he's sure echoes through the entire house. His rim clenches painfully, and it tips Dream over the edge too, filling him before he's able to realize what's happening.

It takes him a few breaths to become aware of his surroundings again, of the hybrid with shaky legs that is trying not to fall onto the mattress. He pulls out, and just the sight alone of slick and cum dripping down and onto the sheets has his dick twitching in interest. He's grateful he's too tired to get hard again, because he doesn't think he would survive another round.

He moves them around until he's with his back on the mattress, his *friend* curled on his side and with a leg thrown over his hips. Their chests heave asynchronously as they try to regain their breaths, and Dream gives in to the urge of burying a hand into brown locks. He hears the hybrid purr softly as his fingertips brush the back of his ears, and he smiles against his temple.

He knows he should get up to clean them, he knows they're going to wake up gross and sticky and that they're going to regret not getting up to shower, but the weight of the brunet's head on his shoulder is enough to keep him rooted on the bed.

"Are you tired?" He asks, hands running through every inch of George he can reach.

George tilts his head up and they kiss lazily for a few seconds until he drops his head on his chest with a sigh and his eyes closed.

"Cold."

Dream chuckles and grabs one of the blankets around them to pull over their bodies, hearing a pleased hum in return.

He falls asleep with a sticky body pressed against his side and a smile hanging from his lips.

//

Dream doesn't know much about hybrids.

He knows his boyfriend has a pair of ears and a tail, that he purrs and likes to groom people. He knows George gets scared of loud noises, that his tail puffs when he's angry and that he likes to get on his lap and nuzzle on his chest when he's sleepy.

Yes, there is probably so much more he doesn't know about; Dream is constantly learning, adapting to the hybrid's habits, and getting to know a whole different side of him he hadn't even considered a few months ago.

And it's worth it; it's worth it when, after a whole day of recording, he gets to curl next to George on the bed and kiss his forehead; it's worth it when George hugs him from behind when he's cooking, ears pressed against his back; it's worth it when they sit together on the couch every night after dinner, George's tail wrapped around his forearm.

Dream doesn't know much about hybrids, but one thing he's sure of is that he loves George.

End Notes

I've never read a fic regarding this topic so I decided it to write it myself! Might make it a series if there's enough positive feedback :D kudos and comments appreciated (/nf)<3

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!